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**FREE IN
ISSUE 14**
Spooky
Pop-up



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SPINECHILLER
Collection**

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Wales

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Chapter 1

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HYDE AND SEEK



Mark shouted to his younger brother in the other
room, "Hey, Pete! Do you want to go to the cycle
track?" But Peter didn't hear. He was too engrossed
sticking the glowing skull to the skeleton's neck. It
had to sit just right, or the jaw wouldn't open.

"Pete!" called Mark again, stomping into Peter's bedroom.
"You still working on that thing?"

"Shh," Peter whispered as he settled the plastic skull on the
tiny vertebrae. Only then did he look up.

"You spend all your time on these stupid models," declared
Mark. "Come on, it's the weekend! Brian, Al, and I are going to
the cycle track."

Peter could see Mark's point, even if he didn't agree with
it. Every inch of level space had a model on it. Vampires,
werewolves, grotesque monsters, aliens - it was like some
sort of museum of fright. Lately, he had even begun to hang
models from the ceiling until he could get another
bookshelf.

"Well?" Mark asked. "Are you coming or not?"

"I was just going to the hobby shop," Peter answered.

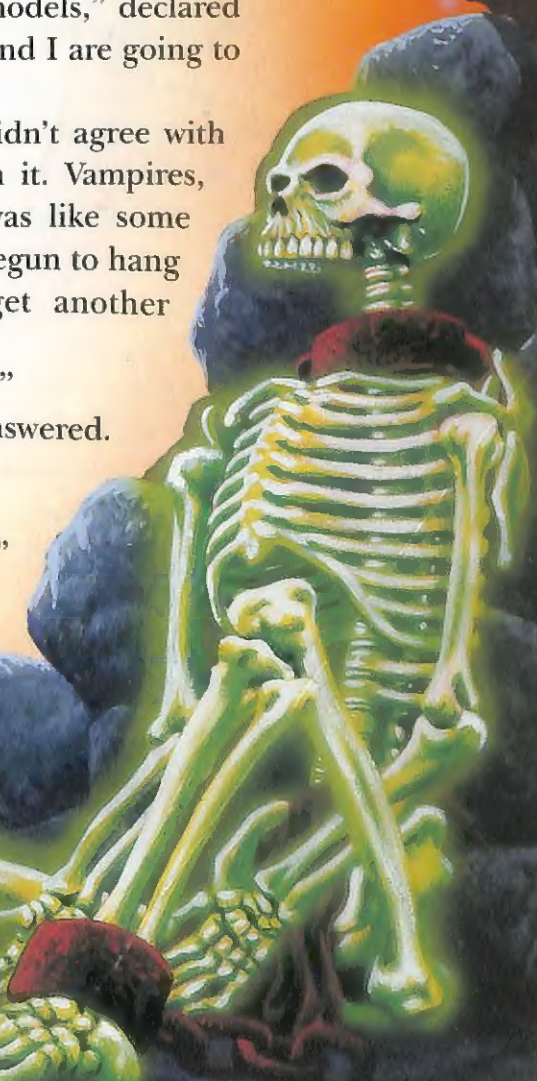
"I might come along afterwards."

"Buying another model?" Mark groaned.

"No, just checking out any new stuff,"

Peter replied. "I'll meet you at the track."

Peter checked the skeleton one
last time before riding to his
second home, The Toy Box
Game and Hobby Shop.



The owner of the Toy Box, Mr Parton, was Peter's hero. He was as old as Peter's grandfather, but he knew more about toys and models than any of the kids Peter knew.

"Hi, Mr Parton," said Peter, entering the shop. "Just taking a quick look to see if anything new came in."

"Matter of fact, I'm unloading a box of stuff I got this morning," Mr Parton said, leading Peter into the stockroom.



"Where's it from?" Peter asked. Mr Parton grinned. "Good question. Actually, I'm not sure. My cousin knew of an old magic and novelty shop that was closing down, so I asked her to send me anything that looked interesting."

The old man pointed to a huge, open box. Peter examined the items that had already been unpacked. It looked like a lot of junk to him. Mostly old magic props, some board games, and rubber body parts.

"Ah ha!" Mr Parton exclaimed, pulling out a dusty carton. "What have we here?" He handed it to Peter. "This might be right up your street, boyo."

Peter took the carton and blew off the dust. "Cool!" he cried. The box lid showed a pretty girl screaming in terror as she backed away from a scary figure. The

faded artwork looked like the covers of his dad's 1950s magazines, the writing barely legible.

"The unfortunate Dr Jekyll and the monstrous Mr Hyde," Peter read aloud, "captured in this incredibly detailed model of the infamous duo!" He gently pulled off the box lid, peered inside, and frowned.

"What's wrong?" Mr Parton asked.

"Look. Someone's broken it." Peter poked at the bits of plastic in the box. The model had obviously been assembled at one point, and then been broken to pieces. "It was a neat model, too," Peter added.

"Tell you what," the old man said briskly. "I can't sell it like that, so why don't you take it and see what you can do with it."

"Are you sure?" Peter hesitated.

"Well, if you can't fix it, no one can."

"Thanks, Mr Parton!" Peter said, pumping the shopkeeper's outstretched hand. Shutting the box, he ran out to his bike, forgetting all about the cycle track.



Back home in his room, he spread out the pieces of his new project. It was going to be a challenge. Some of the parts had snapped off at the glue joint – those would be easy to fix. But others were broken in the middle of the piece. And to top it off, there were no

longer any assembly instructions. Gathering his brushes, glues, and solvents, Peter eagerly set to work.

"What happened to you?" Mark's voice made Peter jump. As he did so, he sliced his thumb on the sharp edge of a plastic piece.

"Ow!" he yelled as a bright red line of blood appeared and smeared Mr Hyde's head. Peter whirled on his brother. "Don't ever sneak up on me like that, idiot!"

Mark rolled his eyes. "You were too busy to hear me. What are you working on? Mum says you've been up here all day."

Peter looked at his watch. Mark was right. He'd spent the whole day working on Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.

"Mr Parton gave me this really great model to work on," he answered. "It's a really old one that was smashed to bits."

A drop of vivid red blood splashed on to part of the model's torso. He held up his thumb angrily. "See what you made me do!"

"Don't blame me. Maybe it was your monster model that did it." Laughing, Mark walked out of Peter's room.

Still upset with his brother, Peter washed and bandaged his cut thumb. Then he grabbed a tissue and returned to clean up the model. Oddly, though, he could find no trace of his blood on the plastic pieces.

By the time his mother called him for dinner, Peter had nearly put the broken model back together again. The finished product did not quite live up to the picture

on the box, but it wasn't bad. The 'incredibly detailed model' was a man with interchangeable heads. The slightly nerdy Dr Jekyll and the snarling, animal face of Mr. Hyde. Peter put the spare Dr Jekyll head to one side.

"Peter!" his mother called a second time. "We are all waiting for you!"

"Coming!" Peter yelled back. He quickly glued the last piece – an upraised arm with a bloody knife gripped in its hand – and stuck it to the creature's body. He held it for a moment to let the glue fix.

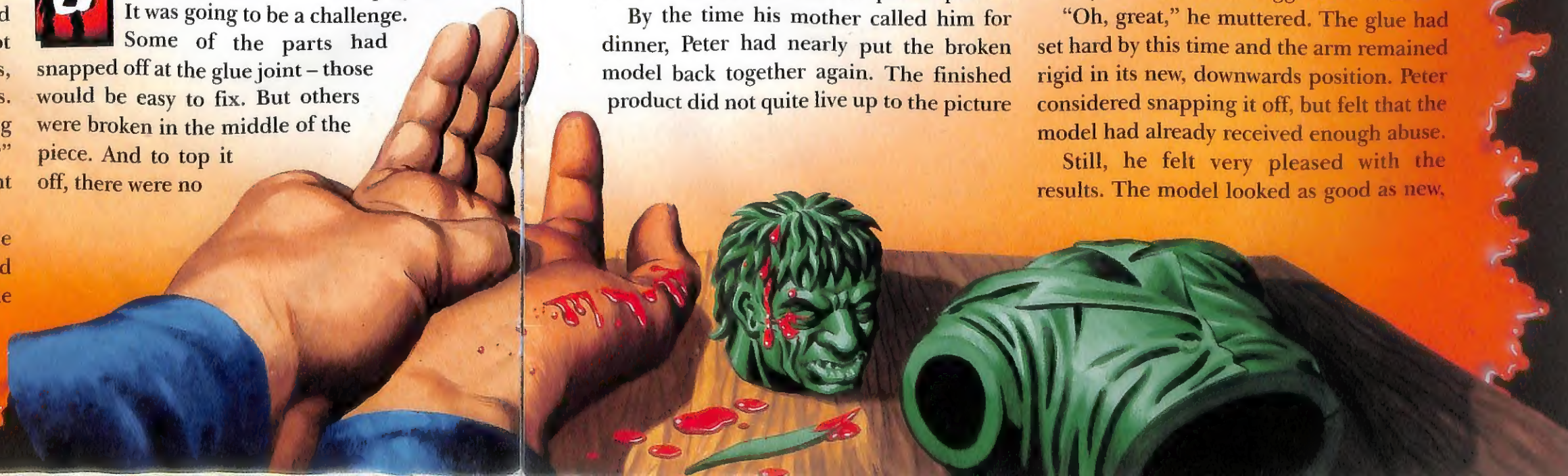
"Peter!" his father called. "Last time!"

Peter held the model together a moment longer, than raced downstairs.

He wolfed down his dinner, keen to get back to admire his finished model. But his heart sank when he saw the figure. The glue on the arm hadn't held it properly, and the upraised knife was now resting at Mr Hyde's side. Peter tugged at the arm.

"Oh, great," he muttered. The glue had set hard by this time and the arm remained rigid in its new, downwards position. Peter considered snapping it off, but felt that the model had already received enough abuse.

Still, he felt very pleased with the results. The model looked as good as new,



and even he had trouble seeing some of the lines where he'd joined parts together. He took the model downstairs to occupy a place of honour on top of the television set. But later, when he went to bed, his mother made him take 'that gruesome thing' with him. He placed Mr Hyde carefully on his desk, then climbed into bed.



Peter didn't know what woke him up, but he could see by his clock that it was almost three in the morning. Ghastly glowing skulls and terrifying monsters stared down at him from around the room as he tried to place the sound he had heard. When it didn't repeat, he fell back to sleep.

He woke up later, with the morning sun shining brightly into his room. He stretched, stood lazily and glanced over at his desk.

"That's very weird," he murmured. His eyebrows drew together in a puzzled frown as he took a step closer. The model of Mr. Hyde was resting crookedly on top of something. He picked it up and saw the broken head of Dr Jekyll.

"I can't believe you did that," he said to the model. "I could have sworn there was nothing under you when I put you down." He picked up the pieces of Dr Jekyll's head. That explained the noise he heard last night – it must have been the crack of the new glue giving way.

"Oh, well," he said, tossing the ruined pieces into the waste paper basket.

That morning Peter's parents decided to take the boys out for breakfast. While they were driving, Mark turned to Peter and said, "Oh, by the way, that was a good one last night."

"What?"

"You know, I wasn't going to mention it, but I decided to let you know I saw it so you won't be surprised when I get my own back on you!"

"What are you on about?" Peter asked.

Mark just looked at him as if to say he wasn't being fooled by Peter's act. "You know, the model? Propped on my bedside table? Very funny."

"Mark, you're making no sense at all."

"Oh, no? Then I suppose Dr Jekyll –"

"You mean, Mr Hyde," Peter corrected.

"Whatever. So I suppose he got tired of standing on your desk so he decided to come and see what my room was like?"

"I really don't know what you mean, Mark," Peter

protested.

Mark held up a hand. "All right. OK. So you don't know anything about it. Fine."

Peter sat in the back seat and stared out of the window. He was still trying to work out what Mark had been talking about when they got back home.

Storm, the family dog, almost knocked over Peter's father when he opened the door. The poor dog's nose was all bloody, and he was very excited about something.

"Wow!" Mark said when he saw the deep gashes in the dog's nose. "That must have

been a seriously mean cat."

"I'll just check the back garden to make sure there isn't a mangled moggie out there," Peter's mother said. "Mark and Peter, I'd like you to look for bloodstains on the walls or floor and clean them up."

Peter found some drops on the stairs, and a smear on the wall of the landing.

"What was that stupid dog doing?" he wondered. "I thought dogs slept all day."

He scrubbed the bloodstains and checked his parents' bedroom. It was clean, as was Mark's room. Then he checked his own room.

The mended model was standing on his bedside table, streaked with blood. Ignoring the shivery little tingles along his spine, Peter bent over to pick up the model. When he saw the fresh blood smeared on the knife in Mr Hyde's hand, Peter's jaw dropped.

"That's crazy," he whispered, dismissing the ridiculous thoughts forming in his head. Still, how did the model move from the desk where he'd left it to the bedside table?

Peter dropped the model on his bed and quickly wiped up the dog's blood. Then he went to find Mark.

His brother was trying to get a bloody noseprint out of the carpet. Peter knelt down and said in a low voice, "Mark, I need you to do me a favour."

Something in Peter's voice made his brother look at him strangely. "What is it?"

"Tell me exactly what happened last night when you saw the model in your room." Peter could see

his brother starting to make some joke and he quickly put up his hand. "Please, Mark. Just tell me."

"OK," Mark said slowly. "I admit you got a good jump out of me. I heard some noise and when I turned over there was that stupid model, staring me in the face. It didn't help that my clock lit it up and made it look all red and gruesome. Anyway, when my heart stopped racing I said, 'Peter, if that thing isn't gone by the time I look again, I'm going to break every single one of your precious models!'"

"And?" Peter whispered.

"And you know as well as I do!" Mark snapped.

"But I *don't*," Peter insisted.

Mark sighed. "OK," he said, obviously still not believing Peter. "Then I heard you chuckle."

Peter rocked back on his heels and sat down hard. "Mark, I don't know what I can say to make you believe me, but I swear I



was nowhere near your room last night."

Mark was looking at him very strangely. "Look, if you're sorry, just say so."

"Fine, don't believe me." Peter got to his feet. "I've got to go to the hobby shop."

He ran upstairs and grabbed the model of Mr Hyde. Stuffing it into his satchel, he raced downstairs and out to the garage. He leaped on his bike and sped down the street.



From behind the counter, Mr Parton called out, "It's my pal, Pete! How's the restoration project going?"

"It's finished," Peter said, pulling the model from his bag.

"That was fast! Let's have a look at that." Mr Parton brought the model closer to his eyes for examination. "Incredible! I can't even spot where you've glued the pieces!"

"Actually, Mr Parton," Peter said, "I want to give it back to you."

"But why? I gave it to you."

"Well, it's a bit old-fashioned," he searched for more explanations, "and I already have a model of Mr Hyde from a newer kit."

Mr. Parton shrugged. "Tell you what. I'll keep it here on display, so everyone can see it." He placed the model prominently in the front window. "How's that?"

"Great idea, Mr Parton," Peter said, slightly relieved. He waved to the kind old man and left, feeling much better than he had on the way over.

The next day at school, Peter told no one about his weird experience, and by the end of the day, he had almost forgotten it.

"Oh, Peter," his mother said when he opened the front door. "I'm so sorry."

"About what?" he asked, confused.

"It was just on the radio," his father said. "Mr Parton was found dead in his shop today."

Peter's stomach seemed to roll over and sink to his knees. He paused, shrugging off his satchel. "What? I mean, how?"

His father glanced quickly at his wife.

"They think it was robbery," he

said, very gently. "Mr Parton was stabbed, son. I'm so very sorry. I know just how much you liked him."

The room seemed to tilt on its side, and Peter felt his lunch making its way back up his throat. He turned suddenly and ran outside. He heard his mother call after him, but he ignored her as he leaped on his bike and raced away.

Peter knew where he was going, even if he didn't want to admit it to himself. As he approached the darkened windows of Mr Parton's shop, padlocked and roped off with yellow police tape,

Peter didn't quite know what he was expecting. He slipped under the tape and walked slowly towards the shop window. The afternoon sun lit up the empty plinth where the model of Mr Hyde had stood. Peter knew then that he had let something loose. He had no idea where it was or how he could stop it.

Peter slowly climbed on his bike and headed home.

Thinking of poor Mr Parton, he didn't feel the missing model ease its way out of his satchel. Nor did Peter see it raise its knife to claim its next victim....

THE END



NO ENTRY NO ENTRY NO ENTRY

OUR HAUNTED WORLD

From northeast USA we bring you tales of ghostly goings-on and a great deal of green goo...

THE DOVER 'DEMON'

At 10.30pm on the night of April 21, 1977, three 17-year-olds were driving through Dover, Massachusetts. One of them, Bill Bartlett, spotted something creeping along a low wall at the roadside. As the creature turned towards the headlights, Bill saw two large eyes glowing like orange marbles.

Two hours later, the creature was spotted by 15-year-old John Baxter, who chased it into a gulley. John saw it with its feet 'moulded' round the top of a rock and its arms round a tree trunk. Was the creature an unknown type of animal, or an alien visitor?

Bill painted a picture of the Dover Demon (left): it was about 1.25m tall with a huge oval head and a skinny body with spindly legs and arms.



GHOSTLY RESCUE

In 1940, Patrick Walker was part of a team working round the clock to build a bridge over the Niagara River. One wild, stormy night, a bucket suspended from a crane knocked Patrick into the fast-flowing river. With the mighty Niagara Falls just downstream, Patrick was declared drowned.

Two years later, the dead man's 12-year-old son fell into the same river. Melting snow had turned the river into a raging torrent and he was swept away. As he neared the edge of the Falls, he felt strong arms moving him, against the current, towards the shore. He heard his father's voice, saying: "Hold on to me and don't be afraid. I will take care of you." The boy, who couldn't swim, was carried to the safety of the riverbank. He was in no doubt that his father's ghost had saved his life.



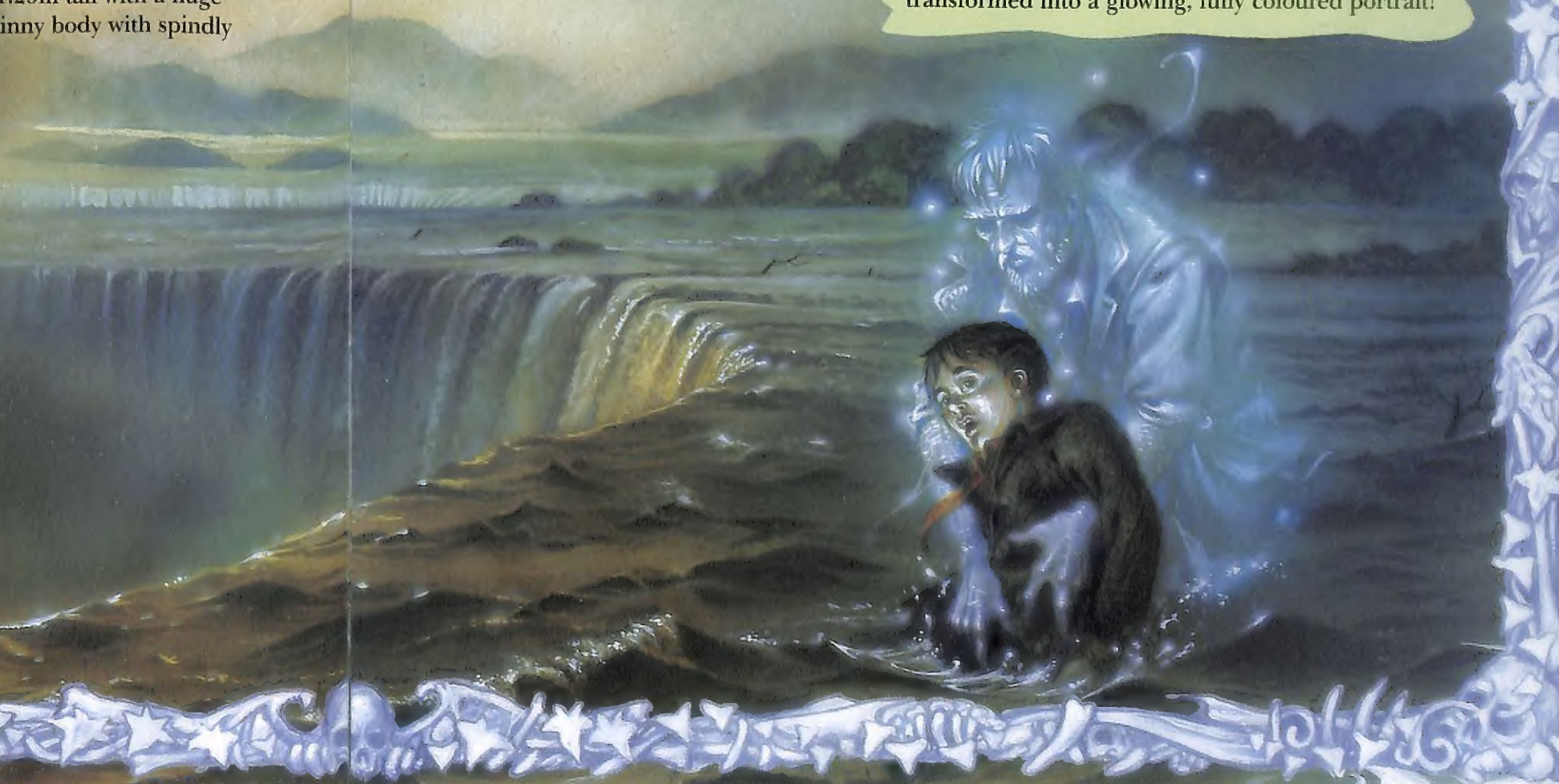
▲ The sparkling white Capitol in Washington DC – just one of the capital's state buildings to be hit by green slime.

WASHINGTON SLIME TIME

In the USA's capital city, on two days in September 1978, huge quantities of an unexplained green slime fell from the sky. The Journal of Meteorology reported that, as the weird slime splattered down, it injured farm animals, damaged plants and covered cars. The roof of a 12-storey building was covered in the green goo, showing that it had fallen from a great height. No official explanation was ever offered to the slime-covered residents of Washington DC!

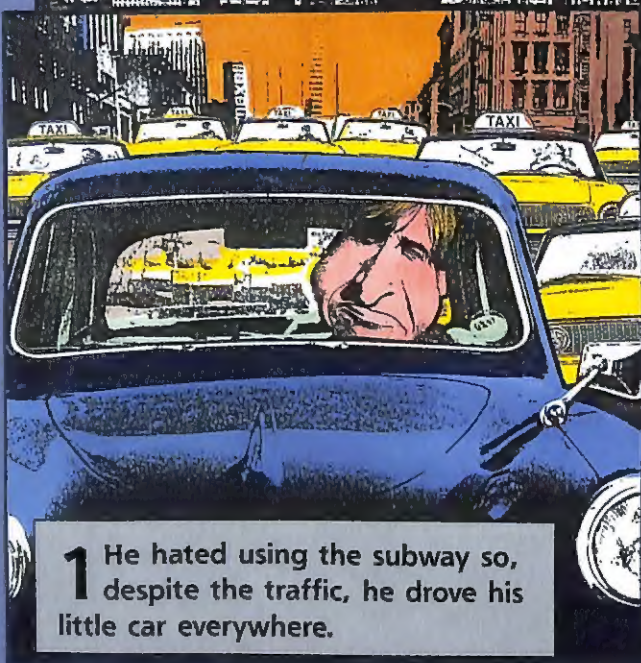
PICTURE THIS...

Happy to have moved into their new home in Virginia, the McConnaughty family started unpacking their things. They found a portrait of a distant aunt called Florence White. Sadly, Florence had died before her portrait was completed so there was hardly any colour on it. They hung the picture anyway and, from that time, ghostly voices were heard by the family. Even more amazing was that the picture became more colourful every day, until it was transformed into a glowing, fully coloured portrait!

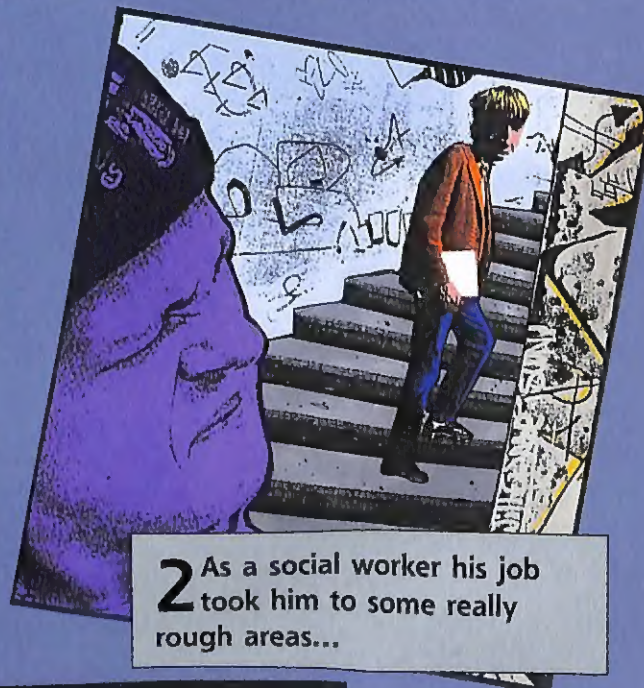


RADIO DAZE

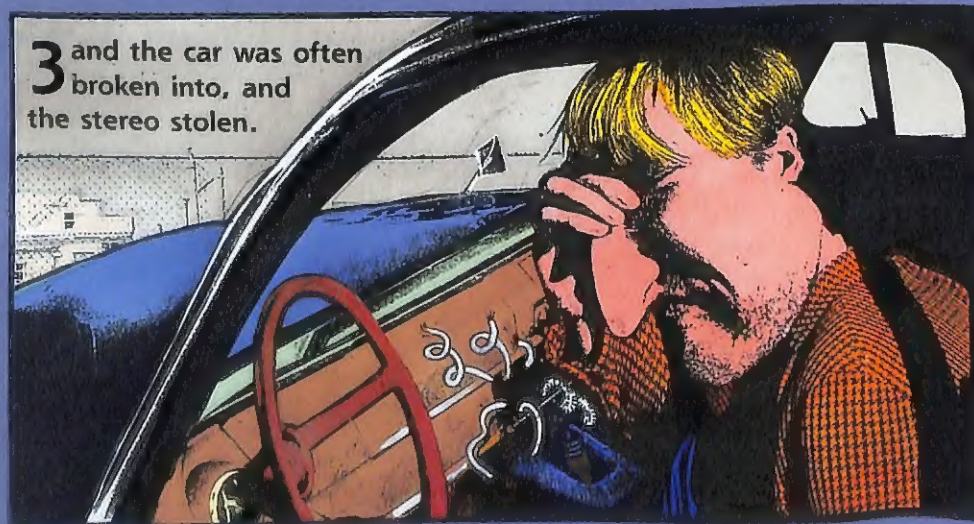
A friend of a friend moved to Manhattan....



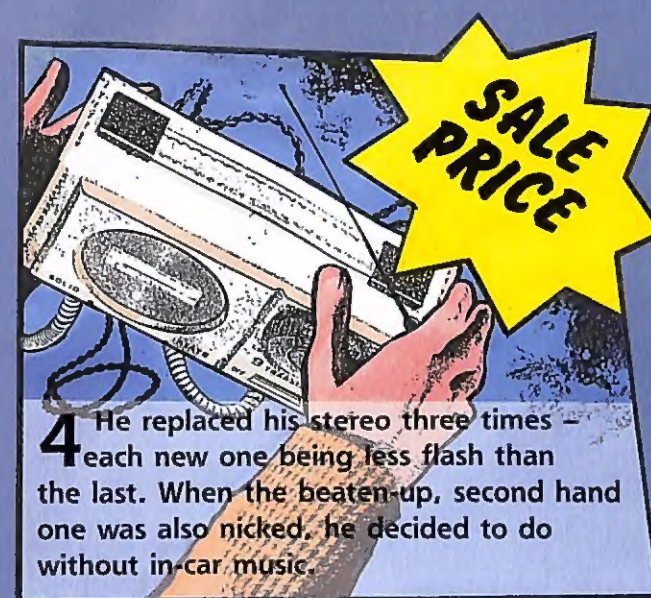
1 He hated using the subway so, despite the traffic, he drove his little car everywhere.



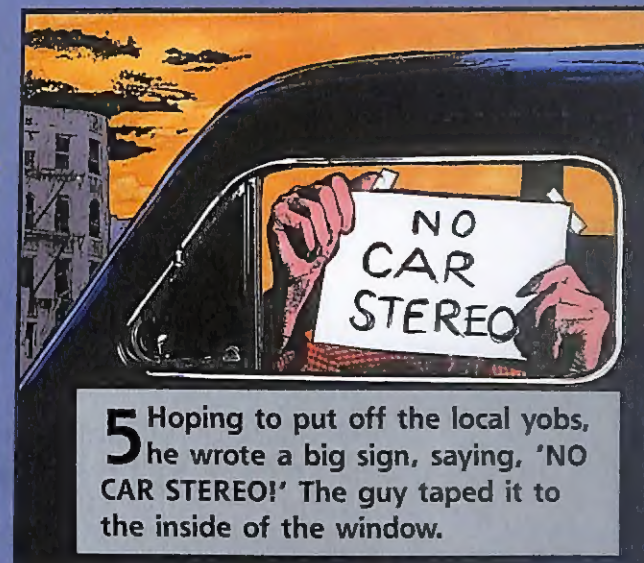
2 As a social worker his job took him to some really rough areas...



3 and the car was often broken into, and the stereo stolen.



4 He replaced his stereo three times – each new one being less flash than the last. When the beaten-up, second hand one was also nicked, he decided to do without in-car music.



5 Hoping to put off the local yobs, he wrote a big sign, saying, 'NO CAR STEREO!' The guy taped it to the inside of the window.



6 He parked the car outside the apartment block of a young client for just over an hour.



7 When he returned to it, he was stunned to see that the window had been smashed in yet again.



8 The sign lay on the seat – and when he saw it, he couldn't help smiling. Next to the words 'NO CAR STEREO!', the would-be thief had scribbled, 'JUST CHECKING!'



THE JINXED U-BOAT



Evidence no: 13/1
A German UB class submarine

Special Investigation File: 13

Subject: mysterious events and apparitions on board a German submarine in World War I

SpineChiller creates a file



Evidence no: 13/2
The torpedo room of a U-boat

BACKGROUND INFORMATION
During World War I (1914-1918), German submarines, known as U-boats, sailed round the Atlantic Ocean. Bad luck seemed to follow one of these subs, the UB-65. During its construction in Hamburg in 1916, a dockworker was killed by a falling girder. Then smoke suffocated three men in the engine room. On an early voyage, a crew member drowned and the submarine got stuck on the seabed. Next, a torpedo exploded and killed five more members of the crew. One was an officer, Lieutenant Richter. Many people later saw his ghost.

Evidence no: 13/4
The coast where UB-65 sank



Evidence no: 13/3
A World War I German sailor



A SUBMARINER'S DIARY

Monday afternoon

The blokes on UB-65 have had a terrible time since that torpedo exploded. Just before they left dock, one of them saw Richter standing on the sub with his arms folded. When another bloke, Petersen, saw the ghost, he was so scared that he deserted.

Thursday night

65's been at sea for three weeks now, and there's been another sighting of Richter, by one of the look-outs. Everyone's terrified.

Tuesday morning

Almost as soon as 65 came back into dock, her Commander was killed by a bomb splinter. Now other officers have sent the sub in for a check. They say fumes from the engine are making the crew hallucinate and see ghosts. But nobody believes them.

Friday lunchtime

You couldn't make it up! Last week, Admiral Schroeder slept on board the 65 to prove that it wasn't haunted. But another officer obviously thought it was, because at the same time, he was arranging for a priest to perform an exorcism!

Sunday, early hours

Three more deaths on the 65. One bloke claimed that Richter's ghost was haunting him and threw himself overboard. A second was swept into the sea by a wave. The third died from injuries he suffered during an enemy attack. The jinxed sub's heading for Ireland soon and nobody's expecting a trouble-free trip.

11th July 1918

SUBMARINE EXPLODES!

Our War Correspondent reports

A powerful explosion ripped through a German U-boat sailing off the south-west coast of Ireland yesterday. Eye-witnesses say that the area was rocked by the blast at about 7 o'clock last night. However, the cause remains a mystery. A US submarine, the AL-2, was cruising through waters nearby. But there is no evidence that it torpedoed the doomed enemy vessel.

GLIMPSE OF A GHOST?

Some sources report that the U-boat is haunted. A rumour circulating among US sailors claims that their commander, Lieutenant Forster, saw the ghost as the sub sank. It was wearing a German naval officer's uniform and standing on deck with its arms folded.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

The story of the UB-65 has never been satisfactorily explained. The superstitious nature of sailors and the pressures of living in a cramped submarine may account for the ghost sightings. Technical failure may have played a part in the other disasters. It's even possible that, in a tragic accident, it was destroyed by the explosion of one of its own torpedoes. But why one submarine was plagued by so many strange happenings is likely to remain a mystery.

Confidential

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

The Old Nurse's Story

Retold from the story by Elizabeth Gaskell

It was a cold winter's evening and three children were playing in their nursery under the watchful eye of their old nurse, whom they called Hester. Suddenly a gust of wind rattled the windows, and the youngest child, a girl, left her toys and climbed into the nurse's lap. "Tell us a story, Hester," she pleaded. "A winter story."

The nurse looked thoughtfully at the children. "I think it's time I told you about your mother's first winter in Furnivall Manor." The children drew closer.

The nurse began: "When your poor grandfather died suddenly of a fever and your grandmother followed him just two weeks later, your mother, Mistress Rosamond, was only five years old. Poor lamb, she had only me to look after her, and I was not yet 18. Her guardian was Lord Furnivall, her cousin. He said that she and I should live with his spinster aunt in Northumberland. So one morning in September, we set off on the long journey to Furnivall Manor. Towards the end of the afternoon, we drove through iron gates and into a wild and rocky park, where wind and rain had bleached the oak trees white. The drive led up to a huge stately home, with a wing at each end. At the back of the Manor there was nothing but the bare fells.

"Little Rosamond clutched my hand

tight as we were led into a vast, gloomy hall. We stared at the grand chandelier, the organ built into the wall on one side and the enormous fireplace on the other. There were doors off the hall on each side, and we were taken through the west doors, beyond the organ, to a drawing room where a fire was blazing. There we met old Miss

Furnivall, a tall, thin lady with a wrinkled face and mournful eyes. She was quite deaf and had to use an ear trumpet to hear us. Her companion, Mrs Stark, seemed to live up to her name, for I had never seen such a stony-faced woman.

"I was delighted to be shown to our nursery rooms, where tea was laid out for us by James, the footman, and his wife, Dorothy. Miss Rosamond soon made herself at home, brightening up the house with her chatter and involving me in lengthy games of hide-and-seek all through the west wing. We discovered that the east wing was locked, and nobody ever seemed to enter it. Ivy grew across some of the windows, and huge branches swayed backwards and forwards outside, making most rooms dark. However, we happily explored the contents, opening boxes and dusty old books. There were many interesting paintings, too. One

day I examined a portrait of a beautiful lady wearing a blue satin gown and white fur hat. She looked proud, almost scornful. And when I asked Dorothy who she was, she told me that I was looking at Miss Furnivall in her youth. 'That's Miss Grace, as she was called then,' explained Dorothy. 'Her older sister, Miss Maudie, was more beautiful still.' Then Dorothy pulled out a portrait of another proud-looking beauty, but told me not to tell anyone I'd seen it.

"One Sunday at the very end of November, I wanted to go to church with Bessy, the housemaid, so I asked Dorothy to mind Miss Rosamond. When Bessy and I stepped out of the church to walk home, we found the ground covered with snow. As soon as I returned to the Manor, I went to the kitchen to find Miss Rosamond. But Dorothy told me that my charge had stayed with the ladies in the drawing room. So I hurried there, but the two ladies were alone, working at their tapestries in silence. Mrs Stark then reported that Miss Rosamond had gone to find Dorothy an hour before. I began to panic, and, with Dorothy's help, searched the house high and low, in case the little girl was hiding. It was now pitch dark outside, and from an upstairs window I suddenly saw, in a shaft of moonlight, a pair of small footprints in the snow by the front door.

"I tore downstairs, pushed open the door, pulled my cloak over my head and followed the footsteps round the east wing to the base of a fell. I was sobbing with fear and the air was so cold





that my face felt numb. I could not imagine that anyone would be able to survive for long on such a night. As I looked up the hill, I caught sight of a shepherd trudging down, carrying something in his arms.

"Ha' you lost a bairn?' the shepherd shouted as he approached. As I ran up to him, I saw the white face and stiff limbs of Miss Rosamond in his arms and my heart sank. I took her from him and held her

WORD POWER

spinster – a woman who has never been married

fells – hills or high moors

footman – a servant in uniform

charge – a person in one's care

bairn – a Scottish word for a child

resolved – decided firmly

fanciful – imaginary; unreal

close as the shepherd explained that he had found her curled up under two holly trees, further up the hill. Back in the house, I took Miss Rosamond to the nursery fire, where, thank the Lord, I could feel the warmth returning to her body. At last she opened her eyes, and I resolved that I was never going to leave her on her own again.

"**W**hen Miss Rosamond woke the next morning, I feared she must have a fever, because she gave me a very fanciful account of what had happened the night before. She said that, on her way to find Dorothy, she had looked out from the window of the great hall and seen the snow. While she was staring at this beautiful white carpet, she suddenly saw a pretty little girl, beckoning her to come out to play. As she opened the door, the girl held out her hand, and together they went round the side of the house. Then the girl led her up the hill to some holly trees, where they found a lady crying in despair. When the stranger saw Miss Rosamond, she stopped, took her on her knees, and began to lull her to sleep.

"I tried to make Miss Rosamond see that she had imagined the whole scene, as there had been only one set of footprints in the snow. But she started to sob, 'I can't help it if there was only one set. I never looked at her feet, but she held my hand tight in her hand, and it was very, very cold.'

"Later that morning, Miss Furnivall asked for an account of the previous evening's events. The old lady started to tremble as soon as I mentioned Miss Rosamond's story of the little girl. Then, when I described the young lady under the holly trees, she threw her arms up and cried, 'Oh heaven, forgive me! Have mercy!' Mrs Stark grabbed hold of her firmly, but Miss Furnivall kept shouting, 'Hester!' she

roared at me, 'Keep her away from that child. It will lure her to her death.' As Mrs Stark bustled me out of the room, I heard Miss Furnivall sob, 'Will you never forgive?'

"**I** did not know what to make of all this, but Miss Furnivall's outburst convinced me that I must never leave my charge alone. As the winter weather grew more stormy, I often heard the swell of organ music being played at night. One day I asked Dorothy who the organist was, but she said that nobody in the house played, and that it must have been the wind I heard. When I pressed Bessy about it, she told me that some people said it was the old lord playing, but that why he played, especially on stormy nights, was a mystery to her.

"My unease turned to real fear, however, when one evening just before Christmas, Miss Rosamond and myself were playing in the great hall. Suddenly she cried aloud,

THE FACTS

Elizabeth Stevenson (1810-1865) was born in Chelsea, south-west London, but grew up in Knutsford, Cheshire.

She married William Gaskell, a minister of religion, and usually wrote under the name Mrs Gaskell. However, she published her first book, 'Mary Barton' (1848), anonymously. Mrs Gaskell is known mainly for her serious and yet humorous novels about small-town life and manners. Among the most famous is 'Cranford' (1853), which she based on her own experiences in Knutsford. She also wrote a biography of her friend Charlotte Brontë, author of 'Jane Eyre', whom she first met in London in 1847.



'Look Hester! There's the little girl outside in the snow.' I turned round, and there at the window was the figure of a small girl, with a dark wound on one shoulder that stained her pale dress. She was crying and seemed to be hammering at the window to be let in. But strangely, her banging hands made absolutely no sound.

"All at once, there was a deafening blast of notes from the organ. At that moment, Miss Rosamond started towards the front door, but I caught her just in time and then carried her, screaming, to the kitchen.

'What on earth's the matter?' asked Dorothy as we entered.

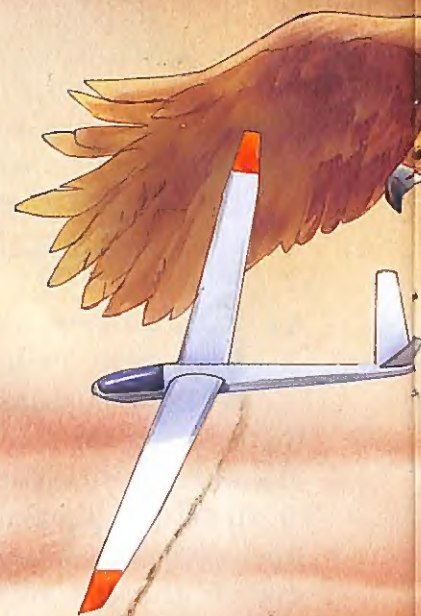
'She won't let me open the door for my little girl to come in,' cried Miss Rosamond, 'and she'll surely die if she's left out on the cold fells all night.'

"At these words, Dorothy's face turned as white as chalk, and I saw a look of terror in her eyes. But much worse was to come as the full horror of the events that had taken place at Furnivall Manor was revealed."



FREAKY FACTS

An Italian pilot in his glider was suddenly attacked by a golden eagle. It crashed through his cockpit cover and tore him with its talons. The pilot managed to strangle the bird and regain control of his glider just in time.



Why do birds fly south in winter?

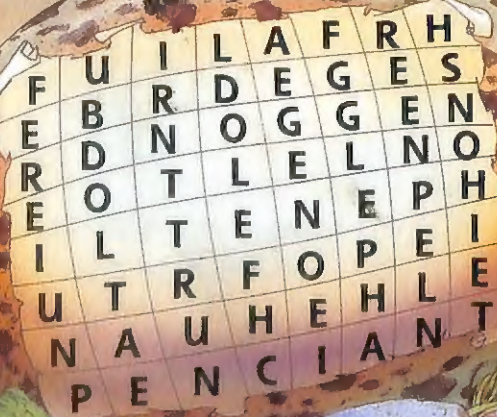
Because it's too far to walk.

FUN FACTS

The dodo is supposed to have been extinct since the 1680s. But so many people have reported seeing dodo-like creatures that an expedition has been sent to look for them!

WHOSE EGG?

In this egg is a word maze. Starting at the up arrow, go from one letter to the next to find one-word answers to the clues right. The last letter of one word is the first letter of the next, and so on. Cross off the words as you go. When you have finished, rearrange the remaining letters to form the name of a winged creature from long ago that may have laid the egg...



Clues

- 1 Monkey's munchie
- 2 Policeman's club
- 3 Stinging weed
- 4 Large animal
- 5 Communication device
- 6 Boiled or scrambled?
- 7 Venetian boatman
- 8 Build again
- 9 Hard of hearing
- 10 Not stale

CHANGING PLACES

These five birds are playing a game where they change places by moving one at a time into whichever square is empty. The aim of the game is for the crow and hawk to swap places. What is the least number of moves they will have to make? (It may help to move numbered pieces of paper round the squares.)



GRISLY BONES

There is a pile of bones in front of four of these birds. Count the number of bones in each pile and work out how many bones the fifth bird should have.

BUG EYES

On the ground are some three-eyed black toads, some two-eyed black slugs and some one-eyed black bugs. How many of each can you spot?

ANSWERS

WHOSE EGG? The words are penail, truckoon, nattle, raphant, telephone, egg, gonadler, rebuild, deaf, fresh. CHANGING PLACES It takes 17 moves for crow and hawk to swap places. Move the numbered birds into the gap as follows: 1-2-3-4-1-3-2-5-1-4-3-1-4-3-2-1. BUG EYES There are 3 toads, 5 slugs and 7 bugs. GRISLY BONES The fifth bird should have 31 bones. The numbers of bones are in the sequence 1, 3, 7, 15. Double the number and add 1 eg. 3+3 = 6+1 = 7.



ALIEN ABDUCTIONS

Are people abducted by aliens? A surprising number of people believe they have been! Strangely, though, most victims do not have a clear memory of their experiences. In fact, they may only realise something odd has happened because they have 'lost' a few hours.



TIME SLIP

Barney and Betty Hill were driving along a lonely road near Indian Head, USA in 1961, when they spotted a strange light moving across the sky. Barney remembered speeding away from what he believed to be a spaceship. However, when the couple reached home, they realised they couldn't account for two hours.

▲ **TOO CLOSE ENCOUNTER**
Under hypnosis Betty and Barney Hill described the same aliens: curving eyes, no nose and lipless mouths.



► **STAR TREKKING**
Betty Hill was shown a 'star map' by the aliens that was later shown to be accurate.

LIVING NIGHTMARE

The Hills began to suffer terrifying nightmares. Under hypnosis, they remembered that instead of driving away from the UFO, they had been floated aboard the spaceship. Inside were small creatures with large heads and black, curving eyes. These aliens, known as 'Greys', examined the couple, taking blood and skin samples before returning them to their car with an instruction to forget what had happened.

At the same time as the Hills' sighting, a nearby Air Force base had picked up a UFO-like object on their radar. Could this have been the spacecraft that abducted the Hills?

◀ **ALIEN ROADBLOCK**
Looking through the binoculars he kept in the glove compartment of his car, Barney Hill saw a spaceship shaped like a big pancake.



UFO researchers have gathered together accounts of abductions from all around the world and found a lot of similarities. One of the biggest problems for researchers is the lack of real proof. But some cases provide more evidence than most.

MOOR VISITS

In 1987, Philip Spencer was walking across Ilkley Moor in Yorkshire, England, early one morning when he suddenly came face to face with a little green creature with pointed ears, black eyes and huge three-fingered hands. Spencer managed to take a photo of the alien before following it to a spacecraft. Inside the craft Spencer was shown films of the damage humans were doing to the earth, before being returned to the moor. When the camera film was developed the alien could be seen. Kodak examined the film and as far as they could see it was genuine.

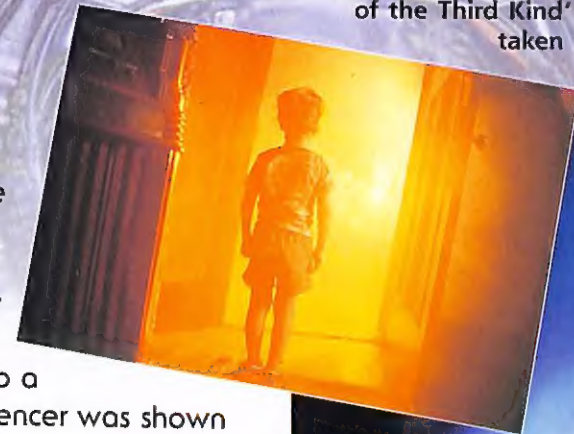


▲ **GOTCHA!**
Philip Spencer managed to take a snap of the 'Ilkley entity' but could only remember his close encounter under hypnosis.

MURDER MYSTERY?

In 1975, seven men, driving through Arizona, spotted a UFO. One of them, Travis Walton ran towards it, was zapped by a blue ray and disappeared. His friends reported this to the police who suspected them of murdering Travis! Fortunately, Travis turned up five days later, convinced he had been taken by aliens. To this day the men have stuck to their story.

▼ **SPACENAPPING ON FILM**
In the film 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' a child is taken by aliens.



▲ **BEAM ME UP!**
Travis Walton said he was abducted by aliens for five days. He took a lie detector test – and passed!

SCIENCE FICTION?

Are reports of alien abductions true – or simply the product of overactive imaginations? By the number of space-nappings reported, our skies seem to be full of investigating aliens – and by the number of experiments carried out they certainly seem to be slow learners!

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